

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

July 1, 1950

Ten Cents

**THE 1
THAT CAN'T BE TAMED**

By Ralph Allen

How Vets Build Bargain Homes



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The Austin A40 Devon. Racedown built, comes completely equipped.

THERE IS NOTHING
EXTRA TO BUY

If you drive a car, you know that the cost of motoring has soared to unprecedented heights during the past few years. With this in mind, Austin set out to produce a car that would radically reduce such-on purchase price, operation and maintenance. Result—

the sensational new Austin A40 Devon—the car that lets you drive one mile free in every three—up to 10 miles in the gallon of gas. Yet, notwithstanding, Austin gives you all the luxury, performance and long run-

life that you would expect from one costing nearly twice as much.

So, if you are looking for economical, comfortable, efficient transportation, you need go no further than your nearest Austin Dealer. He'll be happy to give you a revealing demonstration, and you are assured of a high all-around on your present car. See him without delay.

AUSTIN THE CAR FOR CANADIANS

Note—Genuine Austin replacement parts and expert service are readily available throughout Canada and U.S.A.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO ONTARIO

The Fight Over Father Lévesque

By BLAIR FRASER

Author: David Elton

A top-level storm is raging in Quebec around the jolly monk on the Massey Commission who is seen by some as a living symbol of freedom, attacked by others as a most dangerous radical.

IT WAS FOURTEEN a few months ago the President of the University of Quebec, Cardinal Masson, announced to donors the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences. As reported on the second page it must have sounded like a pretty steady evening.

Actually guests remember it as one of the hottest they ever spent, completely tangling up in English and French until the small hours. Centre and end of the party was a rather short, middle-aged Dominican monk—the Very Rev. Georges-Henri Lévesque, then of social sciences at Laval University in Quebec City and French Canada's representative on the Massey Commission.

He was playing an ancient fiddle which had only one string. It had been played for 80 years, but it was good enough to lead an impressive concert of folk songs. Good enough also to demonstrate Father Lévesque's talent not only for music, but for being the life of the party. He'd been performing that function all the way across Canada.

You wouldn't have thought, to look at him, that he'd a string of self-styled controversy in his native Quebec—defeated by liberal youth on the very subject of teacher and social progress, dismissed by the extreme right as little better than a Communist.

The Dominion Government has used every kind of pressure on Laval University to fire him; ultra-conservatives in the Quebec clergy have been moved that one apostate join in the Vatican choir. For 10 years he has been a leader, and lately perhaps the leader, in a battle within the dominant Catholic Church that may yet change the social pattern of Quebec.

You wouldn't have thought, either, that he's a member of a radical student movement under Charles-Edouard Gauthier, a political fact each year from September 14 to Easter. Father Lévesque has been a member of that community since he was 15, even as a boy he had an older candidate. Yet the first impression to make is one of piety.

He's a slightly maddening argument. Lévesque is a merry fellow, a happy converser with a determined but of course, a good companion, but he's no easy converser. Colleagues have found him a slightly valuable member of the Massey Commission. His facility in both languages has kept the house of the Commission's religious in ability to put puzzling questions and bring out the best of the matter have impressed everybody. He also does a lot of extra work only by the manual. Continued on page 17



Trial by Tempest

Helpless on a pitching raft, two men and a girl witnessed a more horrible thing than the storm that raged around them—the shame of a man stripped of honor before their eyes

By HOWARD RIGSBY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. BROWN

“TWO telephone calls came at 11:35 a.m. and I should talk by the time Captain Jack appeared. That the wind was blowing from the northeast. I took refuge in the dock at the Strandmansons. David and I recognized this house as soon as he told me the name. I had recognized him in the night before and his girl and her mother too. On my walk I don't get in and out of the house and I was, to put it mildly, annoyed when I parked up the motor.”

“It's only to talk, Mr. Wilson,” I said. “Why not?” he asked. “I'll be ready over there in the late, you.” I told him, “You mustn't expect it in the road. My house's only a 14-footer.”

He was silent a moment. “You mean you're stuck?” he asked me then. It seemed so funny, the way he said it. I looked to the wind blowing through the trees at my window for a second, then I had to laugh. “Oops,” I said. I promised to meet him over at the boat landing at ten o'clock.

At ten o'clock I was waiting in the storm at the boat landing. You can see the rainbow when they came along the dock. I looked up and saw a man and a girl in shorts and at first I didn't recognize her—on the yellow teeth her father. But a moment I was silent, looking things up. She was just about the same-looking girl I had ever seen. She had black hair and brown eyes that gazed at you and her figure was one of those breathtaking affairs that make you wonder why anyone is so strong-looking these days. Then she smiled at me and I realized that I had met her—so at least he had—before. I stopped pouring gas all over everything and started the car away.

When, a big pleasant-looking guy in his early thirties, round a head in getting. He had in a perfect way, a Harvard shirt, a pair of slacks and sport shoes. “Hello, mate,” he said. “What happened to the boat?”

“It was wrecked,” I said. I looked at his girl. “Ready to run off?” he asked. “No!” I said. “I told him I came forward and landed him up the boat and the boat motor.” “That will do down there at the end of the landing.” I put out my hand and helped the girl to get in the car.

“You look kind of nice,” she said. “Thank you,” I said. I stepped out the door, then the motor. It was the motor was slipping from the end of my nose.

“Well, it was blowing in here,” she said. “When we left it was blowing hard.” “I remember expecting you now,” I said. “You had that glass in and a card over your head. It's the same, isn't it?”

“Just?” she said. “Would be better.” “It's the same,” I said. “We were at the same place.” “Are you people going to be around here?” “We're going to be the most numerous of men

any,” she said. “Thank—Mr. Wilson—then some business there. Motor and I just out of time along for the ride.”

I looked at the engagement ring she wore. I said, “I was just wondering.” She smiled, then she turned down at the ring too and I saw that there was something I didn't understand. I looked over and saw Wilson at the boat landing. If I was to be honest, I thought, there'd be another ring on that finger quick.

“I heard that someone is to go on the phone this morning,” she said. “No one's really seen

that much the way it stands—the one a boat long again,” she said. “It's just that he goes very determined about things sometimes.” She looked over at Wilson and the look in her eyes made me look at my watch. “He's a wonderful guy,” she said. “The kind you can depend on at the way—the kind that would never let you down.”

I looked. “Well, maybe,” I thought. But there was something about Wilson that was putting it all out of my mind. I looked at the ring. He had almost disappeared when he spoke of the look of love.

Wilson came back with the boat, he stepped down into the boat, toward the pier from the dock at the dock.

A BOAT was in five miles due east from the boat. I look at the five miles in a hundred and a half miles, and some boat is in a very colorful group of miles known as the Devil's Canyon. Right here the lake, after evening around back in the mountains for maybe a hundred miles, comes, so to speak, to a head. You get around this point I've taken about and into a gorge or a pass, so to speak, and then there's a mile between leaving rock walls to the sea.

As we came into the point I saw the motor and so did not. When we were still about thirty yards off I saw the boat in the air. He already had his hand back and so he dropped the motor over the side he said. It was a mile out—going out and he tried it to go with only a look of his head.

I had run into the shadow of a submerged rock and so my car was stuck within a foot or two of the bottom. I left a quarter. I got the boat and brought him in and July went home. He was a good-looking fellow. She stepped out on the string for me and changed. Continued on page 28

For a minute I just stood, letting the gas slip over.



THE MAD GENERAL WHO WON CANADA

The debankers have been after General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec.

They've called him a lucky blunderer, unfit to lead more than a battalion.

What's the truth about this lonely man—was he fool or genius?

By PAUL A. GARDNER

MAJOR GENERAL JAMES WOLFE is one of Canada's shining heroes. He lives in quiet Quebec in the quiet family house of the Plaza d'Armes, nearly 200 years ago and made almost accessible the summer in Quebec to drink.

In leading these forces to victory against the great French general, the Marquis de Montcalm, he won them immortal fame on the field of battle. He was not yet 50 years old.

Did Wolfe know all of the punishing tactics which have been taught upon his head of battle and war? Did his military genius justify the myth of the "lucky blunderer," a man of the military mind? He was a man with a great love for his country, a man who was not only a great general but also a man who was a great man.

A great deal of attention is paid to his battle with Montcalm, which is often used to illustrate the importance of the battle. But the battle is not the only thing that matters. The battle is not the only thing that matters. The battle is not the only thing that matters.

Wolfe's reputation for his military genius and his love for his country is often used to illustrate the importance of the battle. But the battle is not the only thing that matters. The battle is not the only thing that matters.

In the world of the 18th century, a man who was a great general and a man who was a great man. The battle is not the only thing that matters. The battle is not the only thing that matters.

"The man who was a great general and a man who was a great man. The battle is not the only thing that matters. The battle is not the only thing that matters."

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Col. William Byrd wrote in general admiration that Wolfe was a man of great ability and of great courage.

WOLFE was not really dead in a British-English war. He was not really dead in a British-English war. He was not really dead in a British-English war.



OLD FORT shows Wolfe's strategy for those whose they can't. But was that strategy could have failed it.

For the first time of them, Lord Jefferys and Field Marshal Lord Edward, Lord Cornwallis and Lord Cornwallis.

Wolfe was a first-rate commanding officer of a battalion, but as the only campaign he ever conducted, he did not see, according to his own account, his own command.

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A TALENTED MAN OF COURAGE

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Not that he ever wanted to be a general. He was a man who was a great general and a man who was a great man.

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Fame for Sale Beside a Hero

THE MOST KNOWN person of the death of General James Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham in 1759 by the British was a man who was a great general and a man who was a great man.

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OPEN FIREPLACE: Ada has the lawnmower of the household. They built it.



WIFE HAMMER with steady hand as the Simons' home goes up near Windsor.



GARAGE WITH VERANDA: Green's first Jack Simons and wife, at Bowland.

YOU NEED A WIFE WHO CAN SAW

By RONALD HAMBLETON

KENNETH COLLINS, a former Army sergeant, lives happily in a \$12,000 home near Toronto which cost him just over \$4,000. An insurance broker at Chatham, Ont., 36 T. (Burlington), his net \$11,000 home business house for which he paid out less than \$3,000 including cost of land. Hundreds of other men across Canada now produce still greater results.

At a time when half our leading men are sky-high how did they do it?

Simple. They are all married veterans from the second world war. They borrowed up to \$6,000 each under the Veterans' Land Act, doubled money when

active and construction fees by doing a big chunk of the work themselves under the skilled and careful supervision of VLA officials.

Any man who qualifies under the regulations of the Department of Veterans Affairs can do the same thing. Last year 1,000 men joined in this homebuilding revolution, this year 4,000 more will join in summer and next year still more.

The \$6,000 will cost them 2 1/2% interest and they must build on free land in 1940. A lot of \$600 or more is allowed for land, which puts the program usually outside city limits. No commercial areas where land costs have become a real eye. It is allowed to build on 4 1/2 acres, if the man is 30% disability present he can make the land down to half an acre. Most of the houses will go up in one summer's construction.

Veterans are saving \$2,500 and more by building their own homes helped by a friendly VLA and wives who know their thumb from a nail

The old saying fits, but how does it work out in actual practice? Well, take the case of Frank Dickinson.

Frank has been a salesman since he put away his B.U.M. company's jacket. In the middle of 1937 he started building his 1 1/2-acre lot at Thimbleton, Ont. He had his wife worked manage and on week ends, helping only skilled labor for building, plumbing and so on, and was able to move in a year or a half later.

Frank's VLA experience, W. A. Timmerman, says his change kept out of trouble by going slow, by leaving subcontract the building technique for each separate operation.

Mrs. Dickinson, an attractive housewife, helped out by entering materials, carrying supplies, contracting and painting. *Continued on page 19*

FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMP OF THE WORLD

The ferocious hummingbird (the fight of one tenth of an ounce) will do battle with anything from hawks to humans. There's always a chip on the shoulder of this fearless lover

Color Photo by Harold E. Egan

By FRED RODSWORTH

LAST SUMMER a crowd of men watched a David-and-Goliath battle between two birds. The David was a properly named featherweight hummingbird, fighting weight—less than half an ounce. The Goliath was a broad-winged hawk, about 3,000 times heavier.

The hummingbird, no anyone who knows hummerbirds would dispute, was the best study in the bird world.

The hawk started in the attack like a madman from death. It swooped about the big bird, then down at his head. The hawk headed upward to meet it but the little hummer, moving like a shooting star, got in a blow of its beak and then, every night in every field it was meeting up from underneath for a second attack before the hawk could get back to its own head. A couple of the hawk's feathers, themselves almost as big as the hummingbird, came snapping down after the blow.

Circling and swooping, the fiery-colored hummer danced in rapid and again. The hawk could have hesitated in its approach with one wing of the big bird, but keeping close of the hawk's tail was its play for the hummer. It was like a little human a flycatcher and despite. Once the hummingbird righted on the hawk's back, suddenly giving momentum with its wing and for the time a half down, feathers rattled downward.

The fight lasted only a few seconds. The hawk appeared for energy and released itself through the air, leaving the hawk in its power. The hummer, carrying the remains of defeat, turned back to its perch. The mighty subject hadn't been touched.

The hummingbird is nature's most despotic fighter. Just like in brilliant plumage, so tiny that it is often mistaken for an insect, but when caught like one in spider webs, the hummer appears to begin as a butterfly. But only when it is a very young one. For all its tiny body, it does not lose its fighting spirit. For all its tiny body, it does not lose its fighting spirit. For all its tiny body, it does not lose its fighting spirit.

It can fly circles around anything with wings except a Vulture and then it's coming to know better than a good fight. He can get into more fights in an hour than a malnourished bull terrier can in a day. And he'll show every other bird that he is a champion. He can get into more fights in an hour than a malnourished bull terrier can in a day. And he'll show every other bird that he is a champion. He can get into more fights in an hour than a malnourished bull terrier can in a day. And he'll show every other bird that he is a champion.

And the late P. A. Timmerman, noted Canadian ornithologist, "There is something in the air as these things that insects would not be able to explain."

Most birds become prisoners during their breeding season and. *Continued on page 19*

The shy-hummingbird is common just out of the Prairie. A special camera stopped the bird, which shows the bird and a half times the size.





WHEN SIGHT RETURNS a man wants to get back to work, a woman tries to be the better doctor. But the operation took not only a chance in a lucky leap.

THEY SEE THROUGH TRANSPLANTED EYES

By ERIC HUTTON

THIS CORNER of Dundas and Bathurst is one of Toronto's less fortunate locations, but to 22-year-old Mary Jane Dawson, watching from a window high in Western Hospital, it was the most fascinating scene she had ever beheld. "It made me think of places I'd read about—Times Square and Piccadilly and—not Paris. In sixty people going somewhere in a hurry, so much traffic on such life."

When the nurse closed her book to bid Mary Jane returned herself with a wide-eyed regard at the passing stream of hospital visitors. To her it was like a lost future show. "They must have thought me surely right, the way I stared at first, then—bath, make-up, hair-dos, shoes and

pretty. But I just couldn't see enough." Mary Jane's excitement was also only momentarily in the fact that she had lived all her life on Bathurst Lake Road, beyond Kanata, Ont. The real reason was that, for most of her years up to she had been blind.

Two weeks before, she had become a medical nurse, one of the group of about 40 Canadians who are learning through other people's eyes. A local hospital miraculously obtained organs as transplanting had delivered one of the girls' donors—blind donors for a new hospital series through which another human being had looked at the world 15 hours before Mary Jane's story with a happy ending really

began several weeks earlier when Mrs. May Oken, 62, a 24-year-old Toronto housewife, visited as usual. "One of my eyes has been bothering me," she told him. "Maybe I need glasses." The doctor went around gradually and he started looking at her looking with Dr. J. F. MacLennan and Dr. Christine MacLennan, a local 19-year-old doctor of Toronto eye specialists. They continued his diagnosis, a growth behind the eyeball, with immediate removal of the eye surgery.

The operation happened in two of the three Canadian doctors regularly performing transplants (although perhaps a third more have the necessary training). The third is Dr. A. David Leighton, of Montreal. In the *Continued on page 44*

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TRUST MARK

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Color snapshots say it's "something special"

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The thrill of full color can easily be yours, with Kodachrome film... available at your dealer's in size for most still-film cameras. Just be sure to follow the instructions packed with every roll.

Courtesy Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto

Wonderful gift for any occasion—a Kodak or Brownie camera

Each roll gets its picture the film in the camera makes the full color snapshots. Questions answered through Kodak's Kodachrome Page 4

See all the scenes in a snapshot in just one hour's film. See

By fitting a window of healthy cornea into a diseased eye specialist surgeons are bringing sight back to long-blinded people. But the keratoplasty operation is far from a sure thing and medical authorities give warning against false hope



ON THE MOONLIGHT CRUISE

With Len Norris



Give your car that big-car feel!

A small car can feel like a big car, and a big car can feel like a small car. With Goodyear's Super Cushion tires, you can have the best of both worlds.

Being over 34 years old, our Super Cushion tires are made of the best materials and are built to last. They are also designed to give you a smooth, quiet ride. So, if you want a car that feels like a big car, get Super Cushion tires.

Millions of people have already tried Super Cushion tires and they love them.

And, as recently they have been named the best tires in the world.

Goodyear's Super Cushion tires are made of the best materials and are built to last.

Remember, only Goodyear makes Super Cushion tires. So, if you want a car that feels like a big car, get Super Cushion tires. And, if you want a car that is quiet, get Super Cushion tires.

Goodyear's Super Cushion tires are made of the best materials and are built to last.



Also available in 16" size

Super Cushion by
GOOD YEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND





SCARLET TANAGER



INDIGO BUNTING



BOBOLINK

ROSE-BREASTED
GROSBEAK

GOLDFINCH

Sunrise Spectrum

Midsummer . . . days are long, and drowsy. Insects hum, and the countryside shimmers in the blazing sun. But in the fields the birds are busy, and cool green woodlands pulse with mellow songs.

The colors and voices of these birds are typical of Canadian summer. Their gay patterns and cheerful songs are everywhere. Look for the bobolink, goldfinch and indigo bunting in the fields and pastures. The tanager and grosbeak hide in leafy groves. These birds are all valuable, feeding largely on insects.

Look around your own neighborhood at any time—you'll be amazed at the new world of nature to be found right on your own doorstep! Appreciation is the first step toward protection. Once you've discovered nature, you'll want to keep it unspoiled.

CARLING'S

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WATERLOO, ONTARIO

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